Hotſp. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe:
Who there-with angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gent'ewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me the ſouereignſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This balde vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue and your high Maieſtie.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What e're *Harry Percie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
VVho in my ſoule hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter, as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately maried. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitour home?
Shall we buy treaſon, and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſtarue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my ſouereigne Liege,
But by the chance of war: to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
VVhen on the gentle Seuerns ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud,
VVho then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,